

THE

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BY THE FIRE.

I.

No, darling, I am not crying. I have not been thinking at all; I've been watching the fire flames flash and leap, and the embers crumble and fall; No, I am not cold or tired, and my head does not ache, not much—No more than an old, old wound might do, just shrinking from sudden touch.

II.

Nay, love, had I ever a sorrow but was shared and lightened by you? Had I ever a joy that did not bring for your gladness to prove it true? My autumn will scarcely doubt, I think, what my summer has proved so well; Let me kiss those loving lips to peace—indeed I have nothing to tell.

III.

What do I see in the fire? Why, the ghost of an eager face, With blue eyes asking—for what? ah, what? and a smile whose pathetic grace, If once one loved it, would haunt one's life, like the ring of a beautiful rhyme;—Did you ever silence, by reason or will, that mystical musical chime?

IV.

If I said, dear—it is in idleness all that I picture is there to-day, Till I hold my lips to catch the words the parting lips would say; In idleness all, or in something worse, for a quiet woman to do. I forget that my girlhood is gone, you see, as I sit in the gloaming with you.

V.

Nay, darling, you know I am happy—my life is so richly crowned; I am only "dowly" a little—O the thrill in the homely sound! Give me your soft hand, sister—come closer, closer—there, Till the firelight gleams on the gracious head, with its glory of red-gold hair.

VI.

Speak in the dear old whisper—speak of our girlish days, When, free and fearless, we laughed to read our fate in the flickering sooths; Speak till the quiet music soothes this dull unceasing pain, Till the phantom fades from the caverned coils, and the want from the weary brain.

VII.

It is hard to yearn so bitterly for what may never be won; It is hard to dream so boldly, and wake to an evil done. Ah, love me, sister; morning mists still shrink 'neath the noonday beams; Surely the steady love of a life will banish these fever dreams.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSING-BERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

WORMWOOD.

Mr. Woodford broke the seal, and rapidly ran his eye over the contents of his sister's letter, which were contained in a single page, and written in pencil.

July 14.

"BROTHER ERNEST—I take the first opportunity of returning strength to let you know that the Woodfords are no longer without a male heir. I know this will surprise you, after what you were so civil as to say at our last meeting; but whether it will please you or not, is another matter. The dear child (a very fine one) was born on the 10th instant at about ten o'clock, A. M.; it will be named 'Claude Woodford' upon an early day next month. Had you behaved in a less brutal manner, it should have borne your own name, whereby your darling wish for a successor might have been in some sort realized; but you have put this satisfaction out of your own power. I am aware that any reference to my husband will be ill received, or I would say that he unites with me in the hope that you will make an effort to conquer your evil temper, which I well know causes yourself as much pain and trouble as it inflicts on others. Forgive me, if I seem to abuse the liberty of one who is still upon a sick-bed, and has been lately led by suffering to reflect more than usual upon human short coming. I have nothing but your good—"

Here, with an inarticulate cry of passion and contempt, Ernest Woodford tore the letter into a hundred fragments, and stamped it under foot.

"A fraud, a fraud!" cried he. "She would stick at nothing to vex me." He paced up and down the room like a caged beast, while the sun fell on mountain and mere without, and the whole earth seemed taking holiday. All that fair scene was his own—and yet the sight was wormwood, because one day, when he should be lying in his dark grave, the offspring of this woman would bear sway there. Yes, her news was doubtless true; and with what malignant pleasure must she have written it! How could he have been so besotted as to believe that she wanted Reconciliation—Pardon! she, who only wrote in bitterest triumph, and dared to taunt him with his childlessness!

"Go, go!" roared he; and the terrified servant who had come in, as usual, to take away the breakfast things, left the Black Squiro once more to his meditations. "The child may die," muttered he; "one in five, they say, do die in infancy; and boyhood is a dangerous time of life." His eye lit upon the vacant space upon the wall, where a picture of his nephew had once been wont to hang, and he stood staring at it, as though he would recall the absent features. He was not thinking of dead Charlie, but of her who had there portrayed him long ago—very, very long, though it was but a few years back. His breath began to come in snatches, and he sat down, and passed his handkerchief across his forehead. He had been walking to and fro in angry haste, but it was no physical effort which had thus exhausted him. "I will do it!" muttered he between his teeth. "What is a broken oath in comparison with such sweet revenge? Yes, Selina; in treating yourself to this exquisite pleasure, you have not calculated the possible cost. You shall repent this insult yet, I, who had two enemies in the world, have now but one—yourself. You have reconciled me to the other and you shall reconcile the other to me. Folks may prize of Sympathy, but there is nothing like a common Hate for making one out of two. That will stand where love can find no foothold—Thank you, Selina, thank you. But for this letter, perhaps you would have gained your point; but now, believe me, it is not certain. For your sake—for your sweet sake, Selina Murphy—I will go through humiliations to which I could never, upon my own account, have submitted. Humiliation, Contempt, Ridicule—yes, I am prepared for all those, if only in the end I set my heel upon this woman and her beggar's brat."

More than one writer of talent and merit has recorded his praise of a "good hater," but for my part, experience has not corroborated their view. A man should indeed be "dowered with the bane of hate, the scorn of scorn," for evil principles, oppression, cruelty, falsehood; but one who enjoys a special faculty for hating his fellow-creatures, is generally at best but a mere partisan. It is quite possible, too, that the complementary virtue of Attachment (of course always supposed to exist,) may not be so proportionally powerful, in which case we get a lopsided individual, overweighted with malignity. If Ernest Woodford, however, was not good at hating, he was certainly better at that than at most things.

"It will terrify her, at all events," murmured he, with a purr of satisfaction over some thought unexpressed. "If I only do that, it will be something. I should like to see her looks when she comes to read my letter. How the painter-fellow, too, will curse his folly in saddling himself with such a burden for doubtful wage!" Over Ernest Woodford's face flushed a glow of color, and his thin lips formed a crooked smile. "Yes, sister, she will not refuse me, notwithstanding all that has come and gone, since I come with this revenge in my hand: there is no woman who does not love to cry quits." Mr. Woodford rang the bell for the servant to remove the breakfast things; and when that had been done, bade him tell Miss Evelyn her uncle wished to see her.

"Evy," said he, "I have news for you." "Indeed, uncle." Such a quiet, indifferent voice! So different from that in which she had once asked him whether there was news from Charlie!

"At least," continued Mr. Woodford with hesitation, "I may have great news for you, and I think I shall; but it is not certain yet. I know you can keep a secret, Evy. Child as you were, you have never broken the promise you once passed to me, years ago."

"I never have, uncle."

The little cheeks had each a round pink spot in them, and for an instant Mr. Woodford looked at her suspiciously.

"Why do you color so, Evy? You are not telling me a story, I hope?"

"No, uncle; but you said we were never to speak about—"

"Quite right, Evy; good girl, good girl. George Adams shall have that place you were asking me about; only tell him that he got it through you, and through nobody else."

"Oh, thank you, uncle, very much!" Eyes and lips smiled together, and she clasped her tiny hands like a benevolent fairy.

"Evy, tell me truly,—would you like your aunt to come back and live with us?"

"No, Uncle Ernest."

"I mean your Aunt Clementina?"

"Aunt Clementina?" The child grew crimson to the very tips of her ears, and stared at her questioner as though he had been the composite Sphinx herself. Astonishment was never more pronounced in so small a creature.

"Yes, Evy; your Aunt Clementina—she was so kind to Charlie, and painted the picture of him that hangs in your room. How would you like me to ask her to come back again?"

"I should like it very well, Uncle Ernest, only—"

"Only what, child? Don't be afraid to tell me what you are thinking."

"Well, uncle, if you won't be angry," said Evy with simplicity, "I was thinking that even though you asked her, perhaps she wouldn't come."

CHAPTER X. SEIDLITZVILLE.

We do not go so far as the arrogant inhabitants of Seidlitzville, and assert that you who have not seen Seidlitzville have seen nothing; but certainly you have lost a curious spectacle; nay, unless you have seen it twice, under its two aspects of magnificence and decay, you may be said to have missed one of the most striking examples of the mutability of human affairs; for Seidlitzville had once a Spa, and was bidding fair to be the rival of Bath and Cheltenham, and now it has no Spa, but has become a total wreck. Its palmy days lasted but a very little while, but were made the most of by builders. A small country town upon the great North Road in 1820, at the close of 1823 it was a city of Carcasses, not of the Dead indeed, for it was, on the contrary, reputed to be the very mother of health, imparting to hundreds its life-giving streams of chalybeate; but nineteen-twentieths of its buildings were in what is called the "carcase" state, unfinished, naked, unlet, and "run up" to meet an expected demand for house accommodation. A gigantic hotel was erected conveniently near that centre of attraction, the Pump-room. Terraces, squares, crescents, even Ovals were planned in the most commanding situations. A Bath-chair stand was instituted. A master of the ceremonies, nephew to a dead Irish viscount, and cousin to a living one, was procured by the Spa committee, regardless of expense. An analytic chemist of celebrity was paid five hundred pounds for discovering such virtues in the Seidlitzville spring as have scarcely been attributed by the Scotch to whiskey. Several ancient persons of distinction came to play at whist in the subscription-rooms. A fortune-hunter or two even patronized the place, as likely to be a cover for the game of which they were in search, and not a few *voeuxaux riches*, among whom was our acquaintance, Mr. Ernest Woodford, flocked to Seidlitzville, as to a spot where they would be more thought of than at the old-established Spas, and which would be equally good for their livers.

Then all of a sudden this promising state of things collapsed. The spring did not fail, but its water became no longer ferruginous. It was now openly whispered that it never had been so by nature, but that the proprietor of the Well had doctor'd it, fed it with tinctures of iron until the magnitude of the scale of deception had become too much for him. His patrician spirit, apt only for petty rogueries, had quailed before the gigantic undertaking to which his original fraud had grown. It was even said that his brain had given way under the pressure, and that for three days running he had supplied the spring with jalap instead of the usual tonic; at all events, during the illness which carried him off, shortly after the failure, the poor wretch, doubtless harassed by the stings of conscience, would not touch any water at all, and muttering something about "letting Well alone," expired, worth one hundred and forty thousand pounds. Almost every body else connected with Seidlitzville was ruined. The great hotel took nobody in from that time forth except its shareholders, for whom in those days such accommodation was unlimited; when it was subsequently transformed into the county Lunatic Asylum, some of these still remained its inmates, and a sad sight to the benevolent visitor it was to see them offer their blue mugs full of milk and water, with the assurance that it was real chalybeate, whatever Captain Morke might say, and would do him good. Captain Morke was the late master of the ceremonies, and exceedingly bitter against the committee and all who had in any way been connected with the Spa. He accused them of being a set of impostors, who had tempted him to disgrace his noble family by becoming their master of the ceremonies, by an annuity of six hundred pounds a year, which had only been paid for eighteen months. To whom was he to look for reparation, for compensation, and especially for the continuance of this income, if not to them? The chairman of the committee

was said to have fled to another hemisphere, in order to avoid the harassing persecution of Captain Morke, who carried about with him (for the chairman to drink) three vials

—the vials of his wrath, as one might call them—the one containing Seidlitzville water—a chalybeate, another the same liquid as an aperient, and the third with Seidlitzville water as it became after its proprietor's demise, which last, although a most excellent spring water, certainly did not require a master of the ceremonies to provide over its dispensation.

"Yes, sir.—Who shall I say, please?"

"Say a gentleman wishes to see her upon important business."

Admitted into the house, he is left alone in the little dark hall, where gloom prevents him from at first perceiving an object suspended upon the opposite wall; when he does so, Mr. Woodford stands transfixed, like Robinson Crusoe when he first discovered the footprint.

"Whose hat is that?" demands he of the returning servant.

"Master's hat."

The maiden looked at him a moment with suspicion in her eye, then continued with a giggle:

"Well it ain't nobady's hat, sir. My mistress is a lone lady, and as we keeps a hat in the hall to persuade tramps and such like, who may happen to get within side, as there's a man in the house. But there ain't no man, blest you, no, nor even a page-boy."

The damsels uttered this last sentence somewhat despondently, but Mr. Woodford, with characteristic absence of sympathy, replied: "Very good," and wiping his forehead, as though something had been taken off his mind, followed the domestic up-stairs.

As the hall was gloomy, so is the staircase, and so is the drawing-room, into which Mr. Woodford is ushered. This has the appearance of a show apartment rather than of a "living" room. Much of the furniture is swathed in brown holland, and what is not so is protected with ample anti-macassars; each window-curtain is wrapped up in a sort of shanty bag, as though for removal; the chimney ornaments—consisting of a clock that doesn't go, and two groups of wax-flowers—are under glass; the book-shelf, full of ancient and gaudily bound volumes *Keepakes*, *Annuals*, and similar elegant rubbish—is guarded by glass doors. Upon the wall hang an infinite number of pictures, the frames of which are encased in yellow gauze; they are all painted by the same hand, and most of them represent the principal features of Seidlitzville when it was at its zenith. Over the fireplace hangs a full-length portrait of Captain Morke, M. C., pointing with outstretched hand to a circular building, like the outside of a camera obscura, but which was doubtless the Pump-room. By the empty grate stands a banner-screen, magnificently embroidered with the arms of the House of Ballygaboo, of which the captain was a scion. A family-tree, rolled loosely up, and looped with green silk, is suspended over the piano, ready to be unrolled on the slightest provocation. Mr. Woodford had plenty of time to observe these details, had he been so minded, but he was not, although he had never been in that room before.

The stranger nods assentingly.

"Bedroom, sir?" inquires the mouldy waiter, clutching his damp napkin despairingly, as though, if disappointed this time, he would most certainly and without further respite proceed to hang himself therewith. The stranger nods assentingly.

"Dinner, sir?" urges the waiter eagerly,

like one who, having met with an unexpected stroke of luck, determines to push his good-fortune. "Chops and fowls, sir, fowls and chops."

"I don't know whether I shall want dinner or not," returns the stranger thoughtfully; "but I should like to wash my hands."

With this very modified form of patronage, the waiter is for the present compelled to be content. An antique chambermaid conducts the guest to a confined chamber looking out upon a blank wall—there are twenty better rooms unoccupied, and certain to remain so, but such is the system at the *White Lion*—and installs him as No. 40; which is so far suitable that he has numbered about as many years. The stranger remains long time in the seclusion of that apartment, and emerges from it in gorgeous apparel. It is the opinion of the mouldy waiter that "the gent is come down to Seidlitzville to be married;" but the antique chambermaid, who has experienced the backwardness of mankind, responds contemptuously: "Not he." The plump landlady, who dwells in a sort of magnified cucumber-frame on one side of the entrance-hall,descending bows to No. 40 as he goes out, and fancies she remembers him to have seen his face before; but although she shuts one eye tight, in order to assist reflection, and has nothing to do but to think about it for the next two hours, she cannot recall his name. At last she slaps herself, like a man, on both her knees, "I know I'd have it," cries she triumphantly, "and now I've got it: that's Mr. Ernest Woodford."

And she was right. Mr. Woodford steps quickly up the High street, with his hat tipped a little forward over his eyes, as though he by no means courted such recognition from anybody, until he arrives opposite a small red-brick edifice standing back from the road, and separated from it by a garden and tall iron gate, upon which there is a brass plate, with the words *Mrs. Morke* upon it. He rings the bell, and tips his hat more forward than ever, because he knows that the first floor windows command the entrance; he has his card-case in his hand, but, upon catching sight of the maid-servant's features, which are unknown to him, puts it back again into his pocket. "Is your mistress at home, and alone?" inquires he.

"Yes, sir.—Who shall I say, please?"

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"How dare you come here?" cries she.

"Did you not pass your word never to molest me more? I say nothing about your own self-imposed and solemn oath, but did you not make me that promise, Mr. Woodford?"

"Yes, Clementina, it is I."

CHAPTER XI.

M

December 21, 1867.

promise, do you? A pretty gentleman you are! My noble father always warned me how it would be. 'Onceally yourself wish trade, and you may bid good-bye to honor,' were his very words. The scutcheon of the Balsighsboles has been sufficiently smirched, I should have thought, without this further persecution."

"She is even a greater idiot than she used to be," muttered Mr. Woodford beneath his breath; but he answered her humbly enough:

"I have that excuse to offer, Clementina,

which no woman should treat with scorn;

it is impossible to live without you."

"You lie, sir?" she replied. "It was a curious speech to come from so uninteresting lips, but they snapped it off quick as sparks."

"Have I been your wife for two long years,

not to know better than that?" Was I ne-

cessary to your existence for a single hour?

Did you not treat me, and suffer her to treat

me—as though I were a momentary, a piece

of furniture, me, the mistress of your house?

Did a day, a meal time pass, without some

slight being put upon me by yourself, some

insult by her?" Can I ever forget it, think

you?" Can I ever forgive it, Ernest Wood-

ford?" Never!"

He was surprised to see how her passion

enveloped this poor creature. Although her

voice rose beyond its proper compass, and

grew harsh and cracked, no other care as well

as countenance plowed like unhealthy best-

root, the canine sense of wrong redeemed

all such external drawbacks, and gave her

words both strength and pathos.

"Look you," she went on; "I did not

see your hand, sir, but you mine. You

were rich, it is true; but you were low-born

and vulgar—as you are now, and as you al-

ways will be to your dying day. I was poor,

but I was a lady. That pedigree—yes, you

may sneer, but you would give half your

wealth to come of such a stock—that pedig-

ree, sir, was weighed against your purse!

If I had chance to have borne you off-

spring, you would have been more proud to

think that those children had noble blood in

their veins than that they would inherit your

gold. But since you were disappointed of

this, you meanly visited your spite on me;

now, more, you suffered that vile woman,

whom you yourself despised, to vent

her spleen upon me. Perhaps I could have

pardoned all blemishes, but I hated you for

that, sir, and I hate you now."

He put up his hand, as though in mitigation of such direful words, but the flood-gates of her pent-up rage were opened, and she could not perhaps have stayed its current even if she would.

"A woman must be foully wronged in

deed, sir, ere she casts away her husband's

name as I have yours, though not so much,

indeed, because you bore it, as because your

sister did. A woman must be conscious of

her baseness, when, after having fled her

husband's roof, she comes to dwell in the

very place from which he took her among old friends. Thus address me by my

maiden title, sir, and all; they know,

from a delusion which you cannot comprehend,

the events of those two years I passed in

bondage with your sister for a pader, and

I will add, that had you sent up your card,

with that hateful name of Woodford on it,

you would have escaped these homely truths

to which you have now listened, for I would

never have consented to see your face!"

He heard her silk dress coming towards

him, and felt her palm place lightly upon

his shoulder, and yet he did not hit her eyes.

"You are ashamed of yourself, Ernest,"

she quietly. "I cannot say that you

ought not to be so; but that is enough. I

will be your wife once more."

"Forgive me, Clementina," cried her hus-

band, hiding his eyes in his hand, perhaps,

like the painter of old, from want of confi-

dence in his own powers of expressing the

sublime feelings."

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dence in his own powers of expressing the

sublime feelings."

"She is not dead, Clementina—she is

married."

"Married? Impossible! You are de-

coving me."

"Indeed, I am not. Here is proof of what

I say, and of much more." Mr. Woodford

stepped forward, and placing in his wife's

hand the printed note which had been the

immediate cause of his visit, watched her

narrowly while she read it.

"So this woman has a child," said Mrs.

Merke, in low and moaning tones. "Remembering her treatment of your nephew and niece, Ernest, I pity her bairns. And she sneers at you, her brother, because you are

without an heir. You won't have part on

bad terms."

"We did not." She expressed her gratifica-

tion when poor Charlie met the boy you

were so kind to, Clementina, and I told her

what I had long had in my mind about her.

"She warned me at that time not to come

either or seek my reconciliation with you.

That is what first set me the big about it."

"Ah?"

"Mr. Woodford's remark was not very complimentary, but the other did not take

it at all so disagreeably, on the contrary, he

replied had a certain snark of satisfaction

about it that was easily comprehended in a monosyllable. "Ah," repeated she, "but did it?" And now when she writes to say that your wealth is, as it were, bequeathed certain to fall into the hands of Solon's son as soon as you are dead, and taunts you with your childlessness, I can read to your face how the heartbreaks. Then, if—your wife—should consent to turn to you, there would be no such certainty, for this hateful woman's anxiety and fear would gnaw her heart."

"Would gnaw whatever substitute nature

has appointed for that organ," asserted Mr.

Woodford grimly. "Your sagacity saves me

a world of explanation, Clementina. How I

hate her! you don't know how I hate her!"

And the speaker slowly turned his swarthy

hands over the other, like some malevolent

Eastern wots who had received an es-

ecuted order for wholesale strangulation.

"Pooh, pooh!" answered Mrs. Merke;

"you love her."

Ernest Woodford strove to smile, but his

lips declined their office, and only showed his

glittering teeth.

"You love her, I say, in comparison with

hate like mine. You do not know, you can-

not guess what I have to avenge!" You will

not be able to stand the ridicule of

society, although you have endured my con-

tempt to-day with a forbearance which con-

sidering what your temper is) has really done

you credit."

"She told me that I would never bear

with either, Clementina, and therefore I

have endured the one, and will ignore the

other. Besides—if you really think of doing

me this favor—at Sandalthwaite, nobody

knows that I have ever been married. It is

a place entirely secluded, and out of the way

of all possible. Not dull, you know," added

Mr. Woodford hastily, as Mrs. Merke cast

rather a desponding glance at her mother,

then in the latest fashion—"not dull, like Sandalthwaite, but quiet, and the society exceedingly select, country families

—shun—energy, and a moral gentleman of

great intelligence and skill. You will be

considered, of course, to be a lady."

A beam of toadsights illumined Mrs.

Merke's pink eyes. She had been a bride

already, and the experience had not been

satisfactory, but the illusion is one of which

a woman is not easily disengaged, or we

should not have so many unmindful widows

submitting to the yoke a second time.

Ernest Woodford saw his advantage, and

pressed it eagerly.

"I have your wife for two long years,

not to know better than that!" Was I ne-

cessary to your existence for a single hour?

Did you not treat me, and suffer her to treat

me—as though I were a momentary, a piece

of furniture, me, the mistress of your house?

Did a day, a meal time pass, without some

slight being put upon me by yourself, some

insult by her?" Can I ever forget it, think

you?" Can I ever forgive it, Ernest Wood-

ford?" Never!"

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Congress.—In the U. S. Senate, on the 9th, on motion of Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, the Secretary of the Treasury was called upon for information as to the names and residences of persons to whom captured and abandoned property has been given up, the amount surrendered, etc., and also for correspondence in regard to the cotton cases adjudicated by the Court of Claims. Mr. Ramsey, of Minnesota, offered a resolution, which was laid over, directing the Foreign Committee to inquire into the expediency of a treaty with Canada for perfect reciprocity of trade and commerce, and the cession to the United States of that portion of British America known as the Northwest Territory. Mr. Fessenden has introduced a joint resolution, which was adopted, looking to a reduction of the expenditures of Congress.

In the House, Mr. Driggs carried through, on the 9th, his bill renewing the grants of public lands to railroad companies in Michigan and Wisconsin. Washburne, of Illinois, opposed the bill strenuously, but it passed by a vote of 108 to 29.

Wisconsin.—The official result of the November election in Wisconsin shows that for Governor the Republicans cast 73,637 votes, and the Democrats 68,873, a Republican majority of 4,764.

Boston.—Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, Democrat, has been elected Mayor of Boston by 458 majority. The majority for Norcross, Republican, over the Democratic candidate last year, was 1,034.

Pittsburgh.—The Labor Reform ticket was supported by the Democrats. The Labor Reform party succeeded in electing their candidate for Mayor by 2,873 majority, and for Treasurer by 2,360 majority; whilst the Republicans elected their candidate for Controller by 266 majority, and for City Attorney by 462 majority. James Blackmore, who was elected Mayor, was the Democratic candidate for that office two years ago, but was defeated by the Republican candidate by 53 majority.

The Conventions.—The Reconstruction Conventions are to meet in Mississippi and Arkansas, a majority of the registered voters having voted at the reconstruction elections. The Mississippi Convention is called by Gen. Ord to meet at Jackson on January 7th, and the Arkansas Convention at Little Rock the same day. In South Carolina the returns thus far received indicate that only a minority of the registry voted.

Alabama.—A colored Conservative club has been formed at Montgomery. The whole affair appears to have been managed by blacks. The colored speakers denounced the so-called carpet-bag members of the Reconstruction Convention, and declared that the colored people were enemies to themselves if they any longer refuse to heed the advice and counsel of their true and tried friends, the old inhabitants of the South. The resolution adopted declares in strong terms against the ratification of the Constitution.

Dakota.—The Dakota Legislature met on Monday week. It is the first Legislature of that Territory with a Republican majority.

Tennessee.—The Tennessee Senate has passed the bill giving negroes the same rights of travel as the whites in that state. It had previously passed the House.

Foreign Intelligence.

England.—All public funerals in honor of the executed Manchester Fenians, have been summarily put a stop to by the Government.

Attempt to Release Burke.—A reckless attempt was made on the 13th, to release the recently arrested Fenian Colonel Burke, who is confined in Clerkenwell prison. Powder was placed beneath one of the prison walls, and was exploded, it is supposed, by Burke's confederates. The whole side of the wall was blown into the air. The force of the explosion was so great that the adjoining buildings were destroyed. Some lives must have been lost, and it is widely rumored that as many as twenty persons were killed, and their bodies were found in the ruins.

During the morning repairs had been commenced on the wall, and later in the day some unknown men were seen to roll a barrel, which doubtless contained powder, under the place where the repairs were being made.

Shortly after the explosion took place, two men and a woman were found in the vicinity, and were arrested on suspicion. The excitement there is so great that it is impossible to obtain any correct account of the casualties.

Burke was confined in an inner cell, and could not escape by the breach in the wall, and he has since been removed to a place of greater security.

Italy.—The cable has reported that Garibaldi has again escaped from Capri, and that a new movement against Rome will be made. There is reason to doubt, however, the latter part of this report. The Prime Minister, Menebrea, in a speech in the House of Representatives, recently admitted that the Italian Government would take possession of Rome only with the consent of France and the other European powers.

Violent debates have taken place in the Italian Parliament in relation to recent events at Rome. The Liberal members assailed the Ministers bitterly.

Serious apprehensions are entertained of an insurrection in Naples, in which city the demonstrations against the Government have been unusually violent.

France.—It is thought, from the tenor of the French legislative speech of M. Rouher, that Napoleon has adopted a policy respecting the Roman question which coincides with the views and desires of the Clerical party.

Austria.—Final arrangements were signed at Vienna, by virtue of which the Empress Charlotte is recognized universal legatee of her deceased husband, and preserves, with her dowry, the palaces of Miramar and the Island of Lachroma. The Court of Vienna also restores to her the jointure to which she has a right by her marriage contract, but which she had given up on the accession of her husband to the throne of Mexico.

Prussia.—The Prussian Diet has approved the private treaties indemnifying the displaced Princes of Hanover and the other Provinces annexed by Prussia.

Haiti.—Haiti, which seems never to be at peace, is troubled with a new outbreak,

At present the Haytien rebel army numbers eight thousand, and they are bent on overthrowing Salva, who, on his side, declares that he will blow up his capital rather than submit. The rebels want Geffrard back, and the same turbulent spirits that drove him away are now said to be clamoring for his return.

St. Thomas.—A despatch from St. Thomas says the inhabitants are repairing their houses and endeavoring to make them once more habitable.

At Porto Rico daily shocks of earthquake occur, and the people are living in the open fields, having abandoned their houses.

Dr. Livingstone.—With reference to Dr. Livingstone, the last mails from England contain a good deal of additional information; but before learning his fate, the world will have to wait for the report of the English expedition now on its way to eris probably now in Africa, which is to search for him.

What the Hair Denotes.

Viewed naturally, the hair is as great an index of temperament and disposition as the features. Mr. Creer, in his volume on hair, for instance, quotes the following indications of character founded upon the set and texture of flowing locks from book recently published in Paris, entitled "Secrets of Beauty."

"Coarse black hair and dark skin signify great power of character, with a tendency to sensuality. Fine black hair and dark skin indicate strength of character, along with purity and goodness. Stiff, straight black hair and beard indicate a coarse, strong, rigid, straightforward character. Fine dark brown hair signifies the combination of exquisite sensibilities with great strength of character. Flat, clinging, straight hair, a melancholy, but extremely constant character. Harsh, upright hair, is the sign of a reticent and sour spirit; a stubborn and harsh character. Coarse red hair and whiskers indicate powerful animal passions, together with a corresponding strength of character. Auburn hair, with florid countenance, denotes the highest order of sentiment and intensity of feeling, purity of character, with the highest capacity for enjoyment and suffering. Straight, even, smooth and glossy hair denotes strength, harmony and evenness of character, hearty affections, a clear head and superior talents. Fine, silky, supple hair is the mark of a delicate and sensitive temperament, and speaks in favor of the mind and character of the owner. Crisp, curly hair indicates a hasty, somewhat impetuous and rash character. White hair denotes a lymphatic and independent constitution;" and we may add that besides all these qualities there are chemical properties residing in the coloring matter of the hair-tube which undoubtedly have some effect upon the disposition. Thus red-haired people are notoriously passionate. Now red hair is proved by analysis to contain a large amount of sulphur, while every black hair is colored with almost pure carbon. The presence of these matters in the blood points to peculiarities of temperament and feeling which are almost universally associated with them. The very way in which the hair flows is strongly indicative of the ruling passions and inclinations, and perhaps a clever person could give a shrewd guess at the manner of a man or woman's disposition by only seeing the backs of their heads.

An American Girl Asking for Baked Apples.

A party of Americans were stopping at a French hotel. Among them was a young lady in whose system nature had implanted a weakness for baked apples. This estimable fruit, prepared in that way, is unknown in Paris. In the crude state it is admired; enshrined in a tart it is adored; but they never develop its grace, like the flowers on a chintz vase, by mortifying the lusts of its rather unrefined flesh in an oven. Mademoiselle had, nevertheless, made up her mind to satisfy her cravings, and the first day of her appearance at breakfast asked for some baked apples. She did not get them, for the simple reason that none of the people in the hotel knew what she meant. The second day, on taking her seat, she said simply and curtly, "I should like some baked apples." The next day, "I want some baked apples." On the fourth she came like an inevitable doom and froze the muscles of the waiters with the words, "I must have some baked apples." On the morning of the fifth day, the family on approaching the table found their persevering relative seated with a plate of that fruit before her. How this result was attained was never known. By what mysterious operation the waiters discovered the meaning of those English words—for Mademoiselle spoke no other language—and by what process they succeeded in imparting it to the cook, will probably never be known except to themselves. I am inclined to attribute it to the abstract strength of the human intellect working through a vigorous and unflinching agent.

An editor became martial and was created captain. On parade, instead of "two paces in front—advance," he unconsciously bawled out, "Cash—two dollars a year—advance!"

The Episcopalian Church Journal advises clergymen not to marry.

It is said that the Sprague Manufacturing Company, of Providence, are using cotton in their mills at Baltic that cost them twenty-one cents per pound, and that the same cotton was bought of a party who gave eighty-one cents a pound for it, and who has held it for a rise till within a month.

Lamartine has a favorite dog which wears a collar with the following queer inscription: "Lamartine belongs to me."

The Gibbet.—The gibbet, says a French wit, is a species of flattery to the human race. Three or four persons are hung from time to time, for the sake of making the rest believe that they are virtuous.

Several school girls in Indianapolis were poisoned recently by taking extract of belladonna. They all fell into convulsions, and a physician had to be called in. One of the girls confessed that she took the extract because she heard that "it was good to make the eyes snap," and wanted hers to look bright.

The Prussian Diet has approved the private treaties indemnifying the displaced Princes of Hanover and the other Provinces annexed by Prussia.

Haiti.—Haiti, which seems never to be at peace, is troubled with a new outbreak,

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Month" announce the following novelties for next year:

A DEAD MAN'S RULE.—By Elizabeth Prentiss, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

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These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August B. Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

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Cheapness of Chinese Wares.

A vessel recently arrived a San Francisco with a large amount of goods from China, purchased at prices so remarkably cheap that the custom-house officers at that port would not believe in the veracity of the invoices, and seized the goods as falsely valued by the purchasers. The probability is, however, that the invoices are correct, it takes so little to sustain life in China, and wages are so low. In the importation were hand-some sets of porcelain bought for four dollars the set. Beautiful fans, painted by hand in brilliant colors, with figures of dragons and Chinese beauties, purchased at a cent each. Spades for garden use bought at the cost of a few cents each. Straw hats of a good quality invoiced at a cent each. Nice baskets, in sets of four, costing in the Celestial Kingdom but four cents a set, and other articles equally low.

Novel Carriages-Horses Inside.

An ingenious idea has been carried out successfully in Cincinnati, by the construction of a one-wheeled carriage, propelled by the horses being inside. It consists of a large wooden wheel, fourteen feet in diameter and six feet broad, with footboard for the horses to hold. From the axis are suspended seats for the passengers, which axis extends on both sides beyond the wheel, it being only necessary to keep them balanced. Iron stays from the extremities of the axle are carried over the top rather in front, which supports the seat for the person who drives the vehicle, which is done with the greatest ease, and it can turn in a much shorter space than a coach. A successful trial was made recently with one, carrying twenty-four passengers and two heavy draught horses, previously trained, as they are entirely unfeeted by harness. A distance of five miles was performed in twenty-eight minutes. The work of the horses is easy, as they travel on an endless plank road.

A rival to the Yo-Semite Valley is coming into notice in California. It is called the Hatch-hatchi Valley, and is situated on the Tuolumne river. The falls are 1,700 feet in height, and are very picturesque.

A partner in one of our eminent commercial firms, on looking into a newspaper recently, suddenly inquired, "Who is this Dickens they are making such a fuss about?" Such is fame.

The Scottville (Virginia) Register recently published a marvellous story about the antics of a ghost on the farm of Mr. Moon, near that place. It has been ascertained that the ghost was a negro, with a magic lantern, who had been employed by a party who wished to buy the farm to frighten the family off it, with the hope that he might get it for a small sum.

A fellow was brought to King James I, who could eat, it was said, a whole sheep at a meal. "What else can he do?" asked the king, "more than other men?" "Nothing," was the reply. "Hang him, then," said James; "for it is a pity a man should live who eats the share of twenty men, and can do no more than one."

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"Ah, sir," she murmured, "if he had loved me as much as they do, I should not have given up to despair."

"What do you say? Is there still an other?"

"Of course," the ingrate of the Gaite Theatre, who has left me to go to London, where he has got an engagement. Perhaps you think I would have killed myself on account of the others?"

The physician, made callous though he was by the incidents of his life, thought this was too much, and suddenly left, taking all the money with him.

"What?" exclaimed an Irishman to a gentleman who was threatening to chastise his dog for barking incessantly, "what?"

The Gibbet.—The gibbet, says a French wit, is a species of flattery to the human race. Three or four persons are hung from time to time, for the sake of making the rest believe that they are virtuous.

The Fort Smith Herald says the Arkansas river is so low above that place that last week a drove of cows stopped to drink in it, and they drank it in twa.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

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The contents of The Post shall consist, as heretofore, of all of the very best original and selected matter that can be produced.

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"What, daughter of Mrs. Blondell, and sister of Miss Aurelia and Miss Florence?"

"Ees," replied half-a-dozen bucolic informants.

"And is she shut up in the Manor House?"

I inquired.

"To be sure she is," replied the man that first answered me. "Don't you know she is?" and the crowd seemed inclined to revert to their original incredulity at this insinuation that my ignorance was not genuine.

"No, I do not know it; but I can now readily believe it, for I heard the scream and cry of help that has been reported to you."

"And why didn't you go and rescue her?" called out one who appears to have been the wit of the parish, for everyone laughed at the idea as a good joke.

"Because," I replied, "I did not know what it meant, and intended, to inquire about it to-morrow morning. But you, my friends, can give me perhaps a satisfactory explanation. Why is Miss Blondell shut up?"

"Because she is mad," cried one.

"She is no more mad than I am," replied a female voice.

"Because she's got the tin," shouted a second.

"Shame! shame!" groaned a general chorus.

"It's all the doctors' work," cried out another, "they'd swear your soul away for a guinea."

"But what motive could Mrs. Blondell have?" urged earnestly, "in confining the eldest daughter, if she be not insane?"

"Because she's got the tin," repeated the same voice that had previously offered this explanation.

"You mean she is the heiress. Have not her sisters money too?"

"Not a stiver," answered two or three voices.

"Can you presume seriously to charge Mrs. Blondell," I observed, becoming somewhat indignant at this popular denunciation of a woman who was my hostess, and the mother of my fiancee, "with so cruel and illegal an act?"

"Why, didn't she tell old Mrs. Jervis that she wouldn't let Fanny Blondell out till she had married off the two younger girls?" exclaimed a shrill voice, sharpened with feminine indignation; "and didn't old Mrs. Jervis tell her she'd repeat it to her dying day; and didn't she say she didn't care, and that she'd do it to spite her husband, who left nearly all the property to Fanny?"

"It's the truth!" shouted several voices.

"My friends," I replied, "I am exceedingly sorry to hear the statements you have made to-night, and to-morrow shall certainly investigate them. I have only recently made acquaintance with the family, and that in London, and never heard a word about this elder sister, Miss Fanny, till now. I trust what you have told me is exaggerated or based upon misrepresentation, and that what now seems black and foul will prove to be less heinous than you believe. Still I thank you for listening to me and answering my questions; and I hope you will go quietly to your homes. Perhaps some of you are thirsty, and, if so, call the landlord to give you a mug of beer to drink the healths of my friend here and myself."

A shout of applause followed this short speech, the peroration of which produced a splendid effect, for everyone made a rush for the bar, little heeding Brancome and myself, who retreated at once up stairs. No sooner was the door closed than a revelation of feeling overwhelmed me like a torrent of roaring waters.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOVEMBER.

Oh leaves, will you never be stayed,
Till all the garden is bare?

Fade! fade! fade!

They are falling and filling the air!

But what care I for the naked bushes,

So long as my darling is covered with bushes?

Oh rain, are you never to stop?
Oh sky, will you never be cleared?

Drop! drop! drop!

All over my hair and beard:

But what for the cold and wet care I,

So long as my darling is warm and dry?

Oh winds, are you always to blow?
Oh clouds, are you never to lift?

Snow! snow! snow!

I am up to my knees in the drift!

But what care I, though it cover my head,

So long as my darling is safe in her bed?

Oh, night, so laden with ill,

Will you never, never depart?

Chill! chill! chill!

To the innermost blood of my heart.

But what care I, though I freeze where I stand,

If my darling but throw me a kiss from her hand?

A Wife's Prayer.

Lord bless and protect that dear person whom Thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer in all his sorrows, a most helper in all the accidents and changes in the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes, and forever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity and compliance. Keep me from all ungentleness, and discontentedness, and unreasonableness of passion and humor, and make me humble and obedient, useful and subservient, that we may delight each other according to Thy blessed Word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever. Amen.

A foreign paper thinks that Russia may show its designs on Turkey by Christians. That is exactly what the United States will do, whether Russia does it or not.

How to make the Italian Revolution an assured success. Send the invincible and inextinguishable organ brigade as reinforcements.

ONE DUST.

On thou, 'neath Satan's fierce control,
Shall heaven its final rest bestow?

I know not, but I know a soul
That might have fallen as darkly low.

I judge thee not, what depths of ill
Soo'er thy feet have found or trod;

I know a spirit and a will
As weak, but for the grace of God.

Shalt thou with full day-laborers stand,
Who hardly canst have pruned one vine?

I know not, but I know a hand
With an infirmity like thine.

Shalt thou, who hast with scoffers part,
Ever wear the crown the Christian wears?

I know not, but I know a heart
As flinty, but for tears and prayers.

Have mercy, O Thou Crucified!

For even while I name Thy name,

I know a tongue that might have lied

Like Peter's, and am bowed with shame.

Fighters of good fights—just, unjust—

The weak who faint, the frail who fall—

Of one blood, of the self-same dust,

Thou, God of love, hast made them all.

♦ ♦ ♦

Christmas in the Desert.

BY MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS.

PART I.

It seemed all too good to be true: the rest from labor, the swift flight across southern seas, the landing amid strange, dark faces on a burnished shore, the slow, delicious journey through tamarisk groves and palm forests, and the halt in the Desert that came at last.

I had been doing for the last twelve months what young artists and authors are constantly doing to their own ruin, and the justifiable ill-humor of critics, namely, working against the grain. A sweet, generous, and beautiful patroon seeing me on the high road to brain fever or hopeless mediocrity, stepped forward in time and sent me to the Desert. If ever I achieve anything excellent, it will be owing to that lady, the Vittoria Colonna of her humble Michael Angelo. My little sister Mary came with me, and when I tell you that she was a teacher in a school, you will easily understand what an intoxicating thing it was for her to see a new world every day and have nothing to do from morning till night. The poor child could hardly believe in an existence without Czerny's scales being played on three or four pianos at once, and a barrel organ and brass band in the street. "Oh! Tom," she would say to me a dozen times a day, "I've got C scale and 'Wait for the Wagon' on my brain, and can't get rid of them," so that I verily believe to my beautiful Vittoria Colonna Mary's present well-being is due as much as my own.

We halted at a little military station on the borders of the Great Sahara, about a week before Christmas-day. The weather was perfect, and not too warm. A delicious mellow atmosphere enveloped palm and plain, and mosque; the air, blown across thousands and thousands of acres of wild thyme and rosemary, refreshed us like wine; we seemed to have new souls and new bodies given us, and were as free from care as the swallows flying overhead. Travellers never came to Tschoun, as this little oasis is called: but we had placed ourselves under the guidance of an enterprising Frenchman, who transacted all sorts of business on the road between Mascara and Fig-gig, the last French post in the Desert. His name was Dominique, and I shall always look upon him as the most remarkable man I ever knew. He was as witty as Syden Smith, as clever at expediences as Robinson Crusoe, as shrewd a politician as Machiavelli, as apt at languages as Mezzofanti, and as brave as Garibaldi. Being a bachelor, Dominique was none the less ready to receive us, and with the help of an old Corsican named Napoleon, made us very comfortable. When Dominique was carrying His Imperial Majesty's mails to some remote stations southward, or gone to an Arab fair to buy cattle, Napoleon catered for us, and cooked for us, and did both admirably. Both master and servant spiced their dishes plentifully with that mother-wit, never seen in such perfection as in crude colonies where people without it would fare so ill.

"How nice he is!" cried Mary, as soon as the door was fairly closed; "if all French officers were like this one, Tom, I think we shall not care how long we stay in the Desert."

"Your heart has very quickly ceased to beat for the poor Arabs, I see."

"But how can we be sure that that Dominique's stories are all true? No, Tom, I won't believe any harm of this kind-looking Commandant—I only wish he had not come round with his master's horse for her to try, and that the General had sent word by his aide-de-camp that he would do himself the pleasure of calling upon us that evening. Mary and I felt utterly overwhelmed by such goodness and condescension.

A real starred, faced General was about to call on us! We could hardly believe that we were our identical insignificant selves, who, but for you, oh! most sweet and honored patroon—would have sunk under the burden of toil imposed upon us. But how all was changed!

The poor unknown artist was treated as if he had been Sir Peter Paul Rubens; the hulky little school teacher was feted and flattered like the wife of a conquering Commander-in-Chief.

Again Mary and I scuttled about like young rabbits and then stood still staring shyly, and again our embarrassment was met by the calmest nonchalance. The second visitor was a man of much more presence than the Commandant. He had the polished graceful ease of a man of the world, and though quite as good natured as the Commandant, his good nature pleased us less, because it was less spontaneous.

"I hope you will stay some time at Tschoun," he said looking at Mary. "The eminence of our lives here is terrible. Think of it, Mademoiselle, we have no theatre, no music, no society, and no domestic life. To find a lady here is like the miraculous advent of an angel." Mary blushed and had no courage to make the sprightly answers she had made the Commandant. The fine air and grand compliments of the Capitaine overcame the little thing, but she looked distractingly pretty as she sat opposite to him, smiling and blushing when he addressed her and only saying, "Oui, Monsieur, or 'Non, Monsieur,' or at most—'Vraiment, Monsieur.'"

"Does Mademoiselle ride?" asked the gallant Capitaine.

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Then Mademoiselle shall ride my little horse; there is hardly such a horse anywhere,

make people fight, than it is to make it rain."

"I think French officers must be a wicked set; I hope none of them will come near us," Mary said. "The poor Arabs, how my heart bleeds for them!"

"Tiens! Mademoiselle, there is no reason for your heart to bleed. Big flies live on little ones all the world over, and if the French eat up the Arabs, the Arabs eat up each other, and would be starved else; the officers are very nice, harmless gentlemen, I assure you; and as to the Commandant, though he thinks fighting the best fun in the world, he wouldn't hurt a fly. To see him pot his little gazelle would make you cry. She's the only lady in the place, and I believe if she died it would break his heart. But people must have something to be fond of. My old Napoleon yonder has taken a fancy to a cat, and when the cat dies, Napoleon will be as lost as his name-sake. Listen a moment, that's the Lieutenant practising on his flute—he has a little lodging next door."

The Lieutenant played very prettily, and Mary seemed to like his playing much better than Dominique's stories. As her room adjoined the Lieutenant's, she seems likely to have the full benefit of his musical capacities; but I do not think she lay awake to serenade that night. We were fairly intoxicated with the sweet air of the Desert we had been breathing all day, and went to bed at eight o'clock, too tired and happy to dream.

Next morning Dominique informed us that he had himself delivered our letter of introduction to M. le Commandant, who promised to wait upon us in the course of the day. Not knowing at what hour we might expect him, we set to work immediately after breakfast to prepare my room for the reception of so distinguished a visitor. I helped Mary as well as I was able, and when nothing remained to do but the dusting, retired into a recess to trim my beard.

An Englishwoman is never so well dressed as when she emerges from her bedroom at early morning; and I must say that Mary looked the daintiest little housewife possible to conceive as she went about dusting and polishing in a pink cambric dress and tiny black apron. But neat as she was, and neat as my beard and the room were in a fair way of becoming, we were overwhelmed with surprise and confusion at what followed, for quite suddenly the door was thrown open, there was a military tramp and a rattling of a sword outside, and Dominique exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "M. le Commandant."

Impassible self-possession is a beautiful quality, and whilst Mary and I stood blushing and agast, like school children caught at stealing cherries, M. le Commandant had made a courteous speech welcoming us to Tschoun. Then we all sat down, and M. le Commandant talked to us. He was a sunburnt soldier man, about fifty-five, with a rough manner but a kind smile, and we felt at home with him in a moment.

"I presume that Monsieur wishes to see as much of the country as possible," he said, "and I shall be enchanted to place at Monsieur's disposal, horses, and my servant and a spahi as guides. But what will Mademoiselle do whilst her brother is away? I must send her my little gazelle to play with her."

"My sister will like to go with me where it is practicable," I said.

The Commandant opened his eyes, and looked at Mary much as one looks upon a pretty little duckling or a year-old baby.

"Monsieur is evidently jesting," he answered.

"Mademoiselle would be too fatigued to undertake such journeys."

"I don't think so," Mary said; "I have no fear, Monsieur, and I like to be with my brother."

"Ah, what courage you English ladies have! Well, Mademoiselle, we will find you a quiet horse, and make everything as pleasant as possible." And after inviting us to make use of him in every possible way, he took leave of us.

"How nice he is!" cried Mary, as soon as the door was fairly closed; "if all French officers were like this one, Tom, I think we shall not care how long we stay in the Desert."

We were fairly at our work again, when another military step sounded, and another sword rattled in the passage outside. This time Dominique's arm swung back the door with less pomposity and Dominique's voice was a trifle less emphatic as he ushered in—
"M. le Capitaine."

Again Mary and I scuttled about like young rabbits and then stood still staring shyly, and again our embarrassment was met by the calmest nonchalance.

The second visitor was a man of much more presence than the Commandant. He had the polished graceful ease of a man of the world, and though quite as good natured as the Commandant, his good nature pleased us less, because it was less spontaneous.

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"Does Mademoiselle ride?" asked the gallant Capitaine.

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Then Mademoiselle shall ride my little horse; there is hardly such a horse anywhere, Mademoiselle, so docile, so sweet-tempered, and so sure-footed. It is not every lady I

would trust with my little horse, but I know how an English-woman can sit in the saddle, and I am proud to offer it to Mademoiselle."

"Je vous remercie bien, Monsieur."

Then the Capitaine talked of Christmas-day.

the Commandant stood next in her favor, and she could not for a moment forget the courteous kindness of the other two.

"It must be all a dream, Tom," she said, as she gave me her good night kiss, "but if it is a dream, don't let me wake yet."

We dreamed some wonderful things in the next few days. Dominique made us get up one morning very early, and drove us in his little wooden gig to an Arab encampment miles away in the Desert. It was dawn when we started, and large, pale stars were shining in a violet sky; then, like a gorgeous butterfly emerging from a dusky chrysalis, came the Eastern day, and we felt as if living on a world warmed by a hundred suns. The warm, intoxicating light took possession of our senses, and so sweet, so rarefied, so inscrutably delicious was the air, that it seemed to give wings to our dull bodies. Every now and then we were overtaken by clouds of locusts, their little wings glistening like diamonds against the soft sky, or flocks of starlings darkened the air, or a serried line of wild geese passed majestically overhead. Then we came to the tents, and at our approach a dozen dogs rushed out to snap and snarl, and a hundred little naked children scampered and scuttled across the way. A stately Bedouin made us welcome, and whilst Dominique transacted business with him, his women gathered round us, chattering and grinning like children. Then we were feasted upon consuons soups and figs, and took leave after many salamanders.

Another day we went out hunting gazelles, brawling along a river side, and feasting, Arab fashion, off a sheep roasted whole. Dominique had found a pretty little French girl, daughter of a travelling farrier, to act as Mary's handmaid, and she now felt less isolated among so many men, and less shy too. The poor child stood a fair chance of being spoiled, what with suddenly finding herself transformed from a school room Cinderella to a fairy tale princess, and having four lovers, all heroes, at once! For it was impossible to deny that the General, the Commandant, the Capitaine, and the Lieutenant, all behaved like lovers, presenting her with peacock skins, ostriches' plumes and eggs, rare birds, and other treasures of the Sahara. The General went so far as to give her a little negro boy about ten years old, though this gift we had accepted only temporarily, not quite knowing what to do with him when we left Teschoun.

Christmas day came at last. Mary had artfully evaded the delicate point about horses, by declaring herself afraid of every one's horse, but Dominique, accordingly, mounted on Dominique's ugly hack, she led the way with the General, her long, bright hair flowing in curls over her shoulders, her cheeks glowing with excitement. The pleasure and prettiness of the last few days, for Mary had an artistic perception of beauty, had brought out a new side to her character, and she quite surprised me from time to time with her sly humor and quick repartee.

We made a brilliant cavalcade, what with the uniform of the officers, and the richly embroidered saddles and bright red banners of our attendant spahis. After riding for some miles across a monotonous tract of desert, we came to a majestic series of crags, down which fell a dozen waterfalls, narrow and bright as sword blades. A thin little stream threaded the ravine, and on its banks grew clumps of the tamarisk, the oleander, and the thuya, making an oasis grateful to the eyes. Here we sat down and ate our Christmas breakfast, with stray thoughts of village bells chiming at home in England, and school children lustily singing their Christmas hymns.

Our host, the Capitaine, had provided a sumptuous feast of desert fare, roast quails and pheasants, consouons figs, dates, and bananas, with the addition of champagne, and we were very merry.

"Mademoiselle," said the Capitaine, "I think that our next Christmas will be if you are not here. Persuade Monsieur, your brother, to purchase some land between Mascara and Teschoun, so that we shall not lose you altogether."

The General nudged the Commandant.

"You see what our friend the Capitaine is dreaming of." Mon Capitaine, your command is soon to be sent into the interior this spring; put all romances out of your head, my dear fellow, and do not enter Monsieur into the committal of follies."

"I am not the only one to ascertain romances," said the Capitaine, coolly. "Your General, did us all the honor to spend Christmas at Teschoun. We can but attribute such a consciousness to the gracious influence of Mademoiselle."

"Look well after the Commandant when I am gone, gentlemen," continued the General, looking round with a smile. "Matters are gone far already that he loses temper if a fellow officer but jests with him. What a terrible star it would be upon the glorious annals of French African conquest, if such a brave officer should show himself fonder of stuffing birds for an English demoiselle than running swords through ungrateful Arabs!" and the General looked round with a very comical expression of mock horror.

"Mademoiselle has indiscriminately accepted our tokens of homage," the Commandant said, maliciously.

"But it yet remains to see whose offering has been most acceptable to her," went on the general, adding *avec grand air*, "we won't resort to duels unless absolutely necessary."

This sort of banter lasted so long that poor Mary's cheeks burned with mixed vanity and mortification, and she made an excuse to leave us.

"And what does our Lieutenant advise Monsieur to do?" asked the General, "to settle here, or to follow his escouade to the Desert?" whereupon the poor Lieutenant colored, and said nothing.

What an experience it was, that Christmas day in the Desert! The noonday sun seemed to dissolve in the warm atmosphere, and instead of a single orb, shining ever-head, large and golden, we had melted suns innumerable about us, and almost lost the sense of corporeity in their charmed dreams.

When the short, bright day waned, and the large stars were coming out one by one, we found ourselves near home, and when the Heavens had turned to bluish black, and the stars to splendid silvery moons, we passed under the gate of Teschoun, and saw

our shadows, darker and deeper than real things, fall across the white walls of mosque and fortress. For shadow and substance lose their identity in the Desert, and one is always on the point of mistaking the one for the other; if anything, shadow is the more real of the two.

So absorbed was I in the suggestions of this mysterious beauty, that I had forgotten all about my sister's lovers, till we were fairly in our little sitting room. Then Mary began to sigh and to blush, and to hint that she thought we had better leave Teschoun very soon.

"You see, Tom, dear," she said, with tears in her eyes, "the General says he adores me, and the Commandant says he never loved any one in the world till he saw me, and the Capitaine says that if I go away he will blow his brains out—and what am I to do?"

"And the Lieutenant—what did he say?"

"He says nothing," said Mary, looking down, "and—here came a sob—"and I like him best of all!"

But, if he does not declare the same thing for you, we must leave him out of the question, and choose between the other three, I suppose."

"He does not speak, because he is too modest; I'm sure he likes me," Mary added, still ready to cry.

"His state of feeling does not help us much, unless expressed," I replied; "mean time, what am I to say to the General, the Commandant, and the Capitaine, if they ask to carry you?"

The little thing plucked at the fold of her riding skirt in the greatest perplexity.

"I like the General, and I like the Com-

mandant, and I ought not to dislike the Capitaine; but I cannot marry one without offend the others, and, if I were to marry out here in the Desert, Tom, would you stay to?"

We had been living in such utter fairy land lately, that I felt as if we were quite possible for me to marry some brown-skinned, soft eyed Rebecca, and turn Mahomedans. But, in my case, could I desire for my sister a happier fate than to marry one of these brave gentlemen, and live in the sunny South all the rest of her days? She would be rescued from a life of toil and friendlessness, and have another protector besides her Bohemian of a brother.

"My dear child," I said, "it would be im-

possible for me to say that our lives should be put together; but you may be quite sure that nothing would utterly divide them. The chief point is, of all your lovers, whom

you like best."

To this question, I could elicit no positive reply. Mary, in fact, was half in love with the General and the Commandant, and wholly in love with the Lieutenant, and was quite incapable of deciding her own taste.

"You must not laugh at me," she said simply, as we both each other good-night.

"It is so new to me to have lovers, and so delightful, that I wish I could go on forever being happy, and making them happy, without marrying either." Then she blushed, and ran off to bed.

The next morning we were taking our

early coffee, when we heard a clatter of horses' feet, and looking out, saw one of the General's splendid brown-skinned red-clad spahis dashing into the town at a furious rate. He pulled up at Dominique's door, and letting his little burr-prance and rear at will, looked towards us, showing his white teeth, and waving a letter in one hand.

I left my breakfast, and ran down to him. We exchanged "salamaleks," and then he put the letter in my hand, adding in broken French,

"Le General—envoyer cela—va faire la gare—laissé." Then he put spurs to his horse's flanks, and dashed away as fast as he had come.

I broke the seal of the General's letter, which ran as follows—

"My dear child,"

"This morning at daybreak I received telegraphic information that a serious rising has taken place among the tribes southward of Tigrig, and I have resolved to march upon them without delay, Judge, Monsieur, how more sorry I am to be forced to quit the society of your charming sister and yourself without making my adieux, but a soldier's duty forces him from the consumption of his fondest desires, when such a consummation seems close at hand, and I go, if not with joy, at least without unsoldierly reluctance. I shall never forget, monsieur, this episode, an oasis in the Desert of my military life, and, whilst wishing for Mademoiselle and yourself all possible prosperity, I hope you will remember Teschoun and the poor exiled offi-

cials there, who will never think of you both without regret.

"I feel at right under the grave circum-

stances of the revolt to advise your speedy return to Mascara, and will order a trusty escort to be in readiness for you when you shall require it.

"Meantime, receive, Monsieur, the ex-

pression of my utmost esteem."

DE MARION.

We were both of us talking over the astounding contents of the General's letter, when Napoleon came in full of news. The insurgents numbered thousands, and there were skirmishing parties close to Teschoun. Teschoun would be most likely besieged, as it had been more than once, &c., &c. As the day wore on, the excitement increased. Little groups of French or Jewish shopkeepers collected together, and talked gravely, Arabs walked about in stately fashion, smiling superciliously. In the French camp it was the old story on a lesser scale—

"And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,

The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,

Went pouring forward with impetuous speed."

And so great was the need for hurry, that we doubted whether we should see either of our gallant hosts again. Late in the afternoon, however, the Capitaine paid us a formal sentimental visit, and after him came the good Commandant, who stood up before us, square and stiff, and stammered out a

"There is a telegraphic communication farther south than this."

word or two with tears in his kind eyes. Mary held out her little hand, but he seemed overcome with shyness or sadness, or both, and rushed away without having taken it.

Last of all, when we had quite given him up, came the poor Lieutenant; he had been on a hundred errands for his superior officer, and had only five minutes to spare. We can never do anything with a few last moments, and Mary and the Lieutenant had not a word to say to each other, though I could see well enough what both would gain by said.

So absorbed was I in the suggestions of this mysterious beauty, that I had forgotten all about my sister's lovers, till we were fairly in our little sitting room. Then Mary began to sigh and to blush, and to hint that she thought we had better leave Teschoun very soon.

"You see, Tom, dear," she said, with tears in her eyes, "the General says he adores me, and the Commandant says he never loved any one in the world till he saw me, and the Capitaine says that if I go away he will blow his brains out—and what am I to do?"

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"He says nothing," said Mary, looking down, "and—here came a sob—"and I like him best of all!"

But, if he does not declare the same

thing for you, we must leave him out of the question, and choose between the other three, I suppose."

"He does not speak, because he is too

modest; I'm sure he likes me," Mary added, still ready to cry.

"His state of feeling does not help us

much, unless expressed," I replied; "mean

time, what am I to say to the General, the Com-

mandant, and the Capitaine, if they ask to

carry you?"

"Bah!" he cried, "it's all play, let 'em

pretend to put down insurrection as often as

they please. It is good for trade, and for

promotion, and the Arabs know how to de-

termine themselves."

It was a fine sight to see the troops march

out of Teschoun. Color is really color in

the South, and the lines of blue Zouaves

and crimson Spahis against the mellow af-

ternoon sky, were vivid and picturesque be-

yond description. On they went, arms flash-

ing, drums beating, colors flying, till the last

column had turned the hill, and then

evening came on all at once, and we felt a

strange sense of disenchantment creeping over us. It was as if we had been dreaming during the last few weeks, and now we were waked indeed!" Dominique recalled us to

ourselves with a cynical smile.

So I quietly left them under the pretext

of fetching a cigar, and when I returned,

at the close of the fifth minute, all that was

necessary had been said. We then embraced

each other after the hearty French fashion.

Mary and the Lieutenant exchanged rings,

and he went off to night the disaffected

Arabs as happy as a king!

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ternoon sky, were vivid and picturesque be-

yond description. On they went, arms flash-

ing, drums beating, colors flying, till the last

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

7.

An Eccentric Character.

Major H.—was an officer in the King's service, who served on the Madras Presidency, some thirty or forty years ago. He became attached to a native lady, named Fysoo; never, I believe, regarded her with anything but honorable views, and married her. She bore him three children (one of whom is now an officer in the army) and died, leaving the youngest an infant, who bore the mother's name. Major H.—quitted India upon the death of his wife, and brought her remains with him to England in a leaden coffin. Shortly after his arrival the little Fysoo likewise died, and her father had her remains in the same manner preserved. Every circumstance in Major H.—'s story was peculiar, and took great hold of my imagination, when in my early youth I came from a remote country place to the part of Surrey where he had his residence. It was an old brick house, with pointed roofs, massive window frames, tall narrow doors, winding stairs, dark passages, and all other approved materials for a regular haunted house. A high brick wall with a dead gate surrounded the garden in which the house stood—all was in character—the straight turf walls, the clipped yews, the noble linden trees, and the look of neglect and wildness that pervaded everything. On ringing for admission the gate would be opened by an old woman, whose appearance used to rouse all sorts of strange ideas in the mind of an uncouth fresh from the country. She had been the nurse of little Fysoo, and had in that capacity attended her charge to England. As such she was much valued by her master, and continued to live with him till his death. I well remember her shrivelled black face, her white hair and emaciated form, (with her Indian dress, that was in it a curiosity to my young eyes), and her broken English. I believe Major H.—was never seen outside of the walls of his garden; and he had so cut himself off from all his relations and friends that it was not generally known that in that old house he kept enshrined the bodies of his wife and daughter. His two elder children as they grew up, went to live with other relatives, and his sole companion was an old widow lady, as eccentric as himself. In a room within his own bed was laid out, covered with rich Indian silks, and fancifully decorated; on that bed lay the mother and child, in their long last sleep; and in this room Major H.—passed the greater part of his time. This, I believe, is the simple narrative; but of course much of mystery and exaggeration was added to the stories circulated of the three singular characters who inhabited the old house, and the supernatural beings who were suspected to reside with them. At length Major H.—died, after about twenty years of this strange existence. His death was quite sudden; and so many suspicions had been connected with his seclusion, that an inquest was held on his body. Thus the scenes that had so long been shrouded from the public ken were thrown open; when the officials came to examine the house the two coffins were brought to light, and this discovery of the remains of two human beings caused a further investigation. It was a strange scene—on a cold December day—that old house thrown open to all whom curiosity might lead there, the bustling magistrates and their satellites peeping and peering into every cranny for a solution of the mystery. The old lady, and the still older divorcee, flitting like ghosts about the desecrated shrine, their strange tale long disbelieved by the authorities, while there lay the unconscious cause of all this tumult—the hardly cold body of the old soldier, the long crumpled dust of his Eastern bride and of their infant child. At length the coroner was obliged to receive the real story, however incredible it seemed, and the three bodies were committed to one grave.—*The Englishman in India.*

The Lines.

In "Les Idees de Madame Aubray," Dumas the younger has made beautiful use of the expression "*la ligne*," which has before been a word of the studios; as, for example, "*the line of beauty*," "*the line of curve*," "*the line*." But Dumas has so charmingly applied the word as descriptive of a beautiful and graceful woman, that hereafter, in order to express one's sense of satisfaction, it will only be necessary to say that a lady is "*comme il faut*," but that she has "*la ligne*."

Dumas says, in answer to the question, "*What is la ligne?*" "It is this: without being a painter, when you see a woman passing, if it seems to you that by a single sweep of the pencil you can trace the profile of her figure from the feather in her hat down to the hem of her robe, she has *la ligne*; whether she walks or halts, or laughs or weeps. Whether eating or sleeping, she is always within the requirements of the artist's pencil. If a gale of wind comes tearing along as we often have it here on the beach, while other women seek shelter, sit down or huddle together, stretching forth their hands to keep their dresses quiet, with ridiculous movements and grotesque attitudes, she continues in the even tenor of her way, neither hastening nor retarding her steps. The wind catches her furiously in its arms, her skirt is blown forward and backward, to the right and the left, yet she calmly walks on. She knows herself. She has nothing to fear. That which is a shock to another is a caress to her; that which was fat becomes round; that which was doubtful becomes evident; you are certain that these feet are small; that these ankles are pure and elegant. These are the kind of women with whom a man might become madly in love a hundred feet away, from one end to another of a street, without ever having seen their faces. Terrible creatures are they for ordinary men, for they know their power; and if you were to place your heart in their pathway they would not turn aside but walk tranquilly over it, so that they should not disarrange '*la ligne*'."

A singular accident befel a girl in Derby, Conn., one day last week. In descending a flight of stairs she caught her foot in one of her hoops and fell headlong. One of the springs cut clean through the cords and ligaments above the kneecap, and opened the joint. It is thought that the wound will cripple her for life.

"I hope this hand is not counterfeit," said a lover as he was toying with his sweetheart's fingers. "The best way to find out is to ring it," was the neat reply.

From the Christian Advocate, N. Y. City.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—The business of this enterprising company (whose central houses are at 31 and 33 Vesey street in this city, and whose advertisements have appeared from time to time in the *Christian Advocate*) has already become immense, and is yet constantly increasing, a fact which speaks most complimentarily of its management, and commands it still more widely to the confidence of the public.

Louis Napoleon is not only a severe censor of his species on the opening of the Chambers, but of all his printed works. For instance, the second volume of the "*Life of Cesar*" was ready for binding when he discovered a fault in the distribution of the chapters, and ordered the whole volume to be reprinted. Some of its pages have been corrected, and reprinted twenty-seven times.

A western journalist, whose wife had just presented him with twins, and who, for this reason, was compelled to neglect his paper for one day, wrote the day after, the following excuse:—"We were unable to issue our paper yesterday in consequence of the arrival of two extra *sisters*."

A paper published in Kansas, some years ago, and called the *Quindary Chindos*, did because no one could pronounce its name.

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This is a *Bi-Monthly*, containing 120 pages, and is devoted to a calm and moderate discussion of the Suffrage Question—the author contending that the Suffrage should be Qualified, and *not Unqualified and Universal*. The articles are given against Universal Male Suffrage, and also against Female Suffrage.

The work will be forwarded by mail (postage prepaid) on the receipt of the price, 20 cents, to the publishers, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., No. 745 Market St., Philadelphia.

THE SECOND SESSION OF LECTURES in the PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSITY OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY commences Jan. 1st, 1868, Located, NINTH AND LOCUST. The school has been thoroughly reorganized, and holds four sessions of lectures each year, embracing 12 months of medical instruction. Under the new organization students can enter the College at any time during its session. No previous medical study is required, as all branches of medicine are taught. The faculty consists of professors and assistants, and includes a large number of physicians and surgeons, and the best medical and surgical facilities for a regular and thorough medical and surgical education. Perpetual scholarship to the University \$75 for first course, and \$50 for second course students. W. PAINE, M. D., Dean, may be consulted for Club fees, less than \$20.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a *Universal Suffrage* is established, can reduce the cost of Tax and Coffee about one third (besides the Extra charges), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(December 21, 1867.)

WIT AND HUMOR.

Scene in a Kentucky Court House.

In the good old times in Kentucky, when "substantial justice" was administered in a log cabin, after a very free and easy manner, a suit was brought to recover certain moneys of which it was alleged plaintiff had been defrauded by the ingenious operation known as "thimble rigging." In the course of the trial, plaintiff's counsel, who happened to be an "expert," undertook to enlighten the court as to the *modus operandi* of the performance. Putting himself into position, he produced the three cups and the "little joker," and proceeded, suing the action to the word—

"Then may it please the court, the defendant placing the cups on his knee *thus*, began shifting them so, offering to bet that my client could not tell under which was the 'little joker,' meaning thereby, may it please the court, this ball, with the intention of defrauding my client of the sum thus wagered. For instance, when I raise the cup *so*, your honor supposes that you see the ball?"

"Suppose I see!" interrupted the judge, who had closely watched the performance, and was sure that he had detected the ball as one of the cups was accidentally raised. "Why, any fool can see where it is, and bet on it, and be sure to win. There ain't no defraudin' that."

"Perhaps your honor would like to go a V on it?" inquired the counsel.

"Go a V? Yes, and double it too, and here's the rhyme. It's under the middle cap."

"I'll go a V on that," said the foreman of the jury.

"And I, and I," joined in the jurors, one after the other, until each one had invested his pile.

"Up!" said his honor.

"Up!" it was, but the "little joker" had mysteriously disappeared. Judge and jury were enlightened, and found no difficulty in bringing in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, on the ground that it was the "derndest kind o' defraudin'."

Clerical Anecdote.

A respectable (?) well-to-do farmer, a zealous member of the church within, had, to the astonishment of the community and the great mortification of his friends, been found guilty of sheep-stealing. The discovery of the crime having been made on Saturday, a knowledge of the fact had not on the following Sabbath reached the ear of either of the preachers of the two village churches.

On Sabbath morning the good lover of mutton—whose Christian name, by the way, was Adam—prepared, as usual to church. Imagine the effect, not only on the guilty Adam, but on most of the audience, who had heard of the affair, when the minister announced as his text, "Thou shalt not steal," and proceeded to discuss the subject in the most practical manner, denouncing, among other forms of the sin in question, that of sheep-stealing as the meanest of all! This was "the last straw that broke the camel's back," and the abashed Adam sneaked out of church at the close of the sermon in no enviable state of mind.

In the afternoon our hero sought consolation for his wounded spirit by attending the neighboring church of a different denomination, a large number of whose members consisted of his intimate friends and relatives. The latter, of course, were already informed of the crime laid to the charge of their kinsman.

All the consolation our friend Adam obtained however by his "change of base," was a remarkably pointed and personal discourse from the words, "And the Lord God called unto Adam and said, 'Where art thou?'"

Adam could never be persuaded that these texts were not especially chosen in reference to him, nor to a good many other people also.

Anecdote of Dr. Beecher.

Dr. Beecher and his daughter Catherine being on a visit to the old Connecticut homestead, took occasion to go fishing together. After whipping the brook a while, they became separated, and the daughter returned home without any fish. Leaving the fishing tackle in the yard, a hungry fowl spied the baited hook, and incontinently swallowed it, which of course cost bitterly her life. The doctor, having been unsuccessful as a sportsman, was about this time returning home, when he found that his house, which he had left by the roadside, had broken loose, as was apt to be the case when fastened by his master, and it was only by some effort that the animal was captured again. As the doctor entered the house Miss Catherine said,

"Well, father, what have you caught?"

"A horse!" said the doctor, a little gruffly.

"What have you caught?"

"A hen!" was the equally brief answer.

What de Wires is For.

At the railway depot in Lowell, not long since, "Look a here, Jake," said Sambo, his eyes dilating, and his rows of shining teeth protruding like a regiment of pearls, "look a here, Jake, what do you call dem air?" "What air?" rejoined Jake. "Dem air I am pintin to." "Dem air is postes," said Jake. "What air?" said Sambo, scratching his head; "dem air postes will de glass?" "Yes, de same identical," returned Jake. "Ah, but you see dem air horizontal wires?" "Well," observed Jake, "de postes supports de wires." "Goss?" I take you, nigger," ejaculated Sambo, clapping his sides, and both setting up a loud "yah, yah." "But what's de wires for?" said Sambo, after a pause. "De wires," replied Jake, completely staggered for a moment, and at a loss for a reply to the philosophic curiosity of brother Sambo; but suddenly lighting up with more than usual fire, he said, "De wires is for to keep de postes up!"

CHINESE SERVANTS.—Bishop Simpson, in a recent lecture, predicted that in a very few years, we would have Chinese servants in our houses. Paterfamilias referred to this at the breakfast-table this morning, when little Minnie, after awhile, came to his chair and whispered, "Oh, pa, won't it be nice? We shall have a Chinese servant, and she will eat all the rats, so we won't have to keep a cat!"

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THE HAPPY PAIR THEN LEFT TOWN—"

AMELIA (who flatters herself they are taken for quite an old married couple).—"Tell me, George, do you like green tea, or black?"

[The waiter chuckles.]

Royal Etiquette.

The manner in which Kings and Queens meet each other, was curiously illustrated at the Imperial meeting at Salzburg. Napoleon kissed the gloved hand of the Austrian Empress, but Francis Joseph simply gave Eugenie's hand a formal touch with his own. Before the Imperial party had spent the first half hour together, other details occurred which have all been carefully preserved by the gossip of the Court. It will be remembered that the toilet worn by the Empress Eugenie was of the most approved and fashionable make, half mourning of the most delicate tint of gray, ornamented with pink, out of compliment to the memory of Maximilian—a visiting morning costume, out of compliment to the hour—a short petticoat, reaching just below the ankle, surrounded by a shorter one of the same material, half-high tight fitting boots of lilac kid, with sparkling jet tassels, and a long chain in her hair, according to the fashion adopted at the French Court on all occasions of travelling or *retreats*. The whole aspect of the wearer was charming, light and stately in the highest degree. The Empress Elizabeth, on the contrary, wore long sweeping skirts, with a total absence of all ornament. A rich veil of black lace, artistically arranged, with a coronet of jet, fell from the small bonnet over the neck and on either side of the face—the whole toilet, by its severe simplicity, affording a striking contrast to that of her Imperial visitor. But just as she was entering the carriage, where the Empress Eugenie was already seated, his Majesty, Francis Joseph, touched her wrist and exclaimed rather abruptly, "Take care, madam, your feet are visible." The words happening to catch the ear of the Imperial lady to whom they were not addressed, caused her to color slightly; but, of course, no outward sign of comprehension of their meaning was made manifest.

White Clover in Georgia.

A correspondent of the Southern Cultivator writes as follows:—"I have enjoyed the pleasure of a visit to one of the highest peaks of the Appalachian chain of mountains immediately on the line between East Tennessee and North Carolina. For miles along its summit, and far down its sides, the luxuriant growth of white clover completely covered the ground, filling the air with its fragrance, and affording the richest and most abundant pasture for hundreds of cattle, sheep and swine, literally "rolling in fat," without an ear of corn or anything, save the rich herbage upon which they luxuriated with all their native fondness, requiring only the care of a shepherd to keep them within proper bounds. Calves of but a few months old looked like "yearlings," and from one cow running at large with her calf, I milked at least two gallons per day, for our pleasure party, consisting of nearly a dozen ladies and gentlemen. One hundred miles farther South, I have had several acres well set in white clover, without sowing a seed, by simply letting the land lie out. My milch cows grazed on it until Christmas, yielding richer and more milk and butter than when fed as cows usually are. Nearly 100 miles still farther South, I now have white clover that grows in many places this summer "knee high" on pipe-clay land, springing up spontaneously, whenever allowed the privilege of doing so. The second growth salivates or "slathers" horses, but does not cattle or hogs. It grows finely with herbs grass, affording a heavy swath of hay at the ground."

Window Plants.

Window plants should not be kept very warm at this season. They should have all the sun and air, and as little of the artificial heat of the room as possible. These remarks apply especially to Mignonette, which is very impatient of in-door confinement. Succulents, such as Cacti, are excellent window plants in this respect, as the dry air does not affect them. To keep the air about the plants moist is one of the secrets of window-culture. Some who have very fine windows well stocked with fine plants, make glazed cases with folding doors of them, by which, when the room is highly heated and very dry, they can be enclosed in an atmosphere of their own. In such cases, ferns and mosses can be grown to perfection, and pendant plants in hanging vases give a Brahmin forest appearance to our happy Christ-mas homes.—*Gardener's Monthly*.

TO KEEP CIDER SWEET.—Of the various preparations used for this purpose, I have had some experience with sulphite of lime and white mustard seed. Treated with the lime, the cider soon becomes flat and insipid. The mustard seed I much prefer to a barrel—put in when it has about half done working. It gives it a sprightly, agreeable flavor, which it retains until warm weather. Both of these methods, however, spoil it for vinegar. With the mustard seed it becomes thick andropy during the heat of summer.

CUT THE BUSHES.—Now is the time, the shortest days of winter, to cut the bushes in the pastures and along the meadows and fences, wherever you wish to cut and get rid of them. Alders, birches, etc., cut during the shortest days, are, as nearly every practical farmer knows, killed out, that is they sprout up in spring a great deal less than when cut at other seasons.

AGRICULTURAL.

London Horses.

The value of straw as a feeding substance, was never better proved than by the following fact: A firm having a large number of heavy wagon horses, had frequent occasion for the veterinary surgeon, until they were recommended to mix a certain portion of fine cut straw with the clover hay. This has been practised now for some years, and their bill for horse doctoring is at a minimum. The partner of the firm who told me this, said how advantageous it was, not to be deprived, as they formerly were, of the use of several horses—to say nothing of the saving in expense and loss. The fact is, the food

Flowers in Winter.

The best geraniums for winter blooming in the house are the different varieties of the Zonal or Horseshoe family. These are free growers, adapt themselves well to the atmosphere of the parlor, and are seldom out of bloom. To flower well, they should be potted on through the summer, and well pinched to make them of good shape. The colors are white, pink, orange, red, scarlet and crimson, in many different shades. If bedded out in the summer, they will grow very strong and may be potted before the frost, and will soon bloom. The varieties with gold and silver foliage are not as well adapted for parlor culture as the plain-leaved kinds, but do well in a green-house. All the varieties are good; but, for the parlor, those of dwarf habit are preferable. The rose, nutmeg, ivy, apple and oak geraniums also do well in the parlor, but are desirable rather for foliage than flower.—*American Journal of Horticulture*.

How to Keep Up your Hay Crop.

A farmer who had been in the habit of selling his hay for many years in succession, being asked how he kept up his hay crop without manuring or cultivating his land, replied, "I never allowed the after swath to be cut." If this rule was generally followed there would be less said about running out of grass fields or short crops of hay. Some farmers feed off every green thing and compel their cattle to pull up and gnaw off the roots of the grass. Cutting rounen is certain death to hay crops. A farmer had better buy hay at forty dollars per ton than ruin his hay field by close grazing. The general treatment of grass lands in this respect is wrong and unnecessary, and should be abandoned as a matter of profit and economy.—*Wisconsin Farmer*.

RECEIPTS.

OYSTER OMELET.—Beat six eggs well, and add by degrees a gill of cream, and pepper and salt to your taste. Have ready one dozen large oysters cut in halves; pour the eggs into a pan of hot butter, and drop the oysters over it as equally as possible. Fry to a light brown and serve as an omelet. It must not be turned.

CURRY OF CHICKEN.—Cut up a raw chicken; put it into a stewpan, with two ounces of butter, half a large onion sliced thin, a few sprigs of parsley and thyme, and two ounces of lean ham; let the whole sweat over the fire for a few minutes; add a heaped tablespoonful of curry powder, and a small one of flour; shake the whole together for five minutes over the fire; put to it a pint of either gravy or water; let the whole simmer gently until the chicken is done; take out the chicken, rub the sauce through a sieve, boil it up, skim, put in the chicken, season with salt and lemon-juice. Plain boiled rice to be served in a separate dish.

PLUM PUDDING.—One pound of suet cut in pieces not too fine, one pound of currants and one pound of raisins stoned, four eggs, half grated nutmeg, one ounce of citron, one ounce of lemon-peel spread fine, one teaspooonful beaten ginger, half-pound bread crumbs, half-pound flour, one pint of milk. Beat the eggs first, add half the milk, beat them together, and by degrees stir in the flour, then the suet, spice and fruit, and as much milk as will mix it together very thick; then take a clean cloth, dip in boiling water and squeeze dry. While the water is boiling fast, put in your pudding, which should be at least boil five hours.

PLAIN MINCE PIE.—Neat's tongue and feet, make the best mince pies. The shank is good. Boil the meat till very tender, take it up clean from the bones and gristle, chop it fine, mix it with an equal weight of tart apples chopped fine. If the meat is lean, put in a little butter or suet. Moisten the whole with cider; now, if you have good; sweeten it to the taste with sugar and a little molasses—seasoning it with salt, cinnamon, cloves and mace. Make the pies on flat plates, with holes in the upper crust, and bake from thirty to forty-five minutes.

MINCE PIES WITHOUT MLAT.—Take four pounds of suet, eight pounds of apples, four nutmegs, eight pounds of raisins, four pounds of sugar, half-a-pound of sliced citron, two quarts of wine, two quarts of brandy, half an ounce of cloves, the same of mace, an ounce of cinnamon, a tablespoonful of salt, and four large oranges. If it gets too dry, add more brandy. It will keep from November till May.

CARROT SOUP.—Four quarts of liquor in which a leg of mutton or beef has been boiled, a few beef-bones, six large carrots, two large onions, one turnip; seasoning of salt and pepper to taste; Cayenne. Put the liquor, bones, onions, turnips, pepper, and salt into a stewpan, and simmer for three hours. Scrape and cut the carrots thin, strain the soup on them, and stew them till soft enough to pulp through a hair sieve or coarse cloth; then boil the pulp with the soup, which should be of the consistency of pea soup. Add Cayenne. Pulp only the red part of the carrot, and make this soup the day before it is wanted.

POTATO PUREE.—Roast six large potatoes. Make a hole in the top of each. When well roasted, scoop all the insides into a bowl. Mash them well with a little *balled* milk or cream. Add salt, Cayenne, and an egg, well beaten all together. Put the mixture again carefully into the hole of each potato skin, and bake them twenty minutes, serve up on a dish, with a napkin covering them all over, *very hot*.

A SCOTCH CAKE.—Make into a dough three quarters of a pound of butter, a pound of sifted flour, a pound of sugar, and three well-beaten eggs; flavor with cinnamon. Roll into small, thin sheets, and cut into round cakes, and bake in a quick oven.

WASHING PREPARATION.—Put one pound of saltpetre into a gallon of water, and keep it in a corked jug; two tablespoonsfuls for a pint of soap. Soak, wash, and boil as usual. This bleaches the clothes beautifully, without injuring the fabric.

THE RIBBLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 2, 3, is an article of dress.

My 1, 9, 2, 8, is an animal.

My 1, 7, 8, 9, is a person detested by society.

My 1, 8, 9, 2, 6, is a species of fish.

My 2, 1, 9, 3, is a man's name.

My 2, 8, 9, is a verb.

My 2, 4, 7, 6, is very small.

My 2, 5, 6, is what all should have.

My 3, 5, 4, 8, 9, is a French measure.

My 3, 5, 6, 9, is a tropical fruit.

My 3, 9, 2, 8, is a character in Shakespeare.

My 3, 7, 2, 6, is a kind of earth.

My 4, 2, 1, 3, 9, is a household article.

My 4, 5, 4, 3, 9, is much sought after in Europe.

My 4, 8, 5, 2, 9, is worn out.

My 4, 2, 5, 3, belongs to animals.

My 8, 7, 6, 9, is an ancient city.

My 7, 6, 9, 8, is a Hebrew measure.

My 6, 5, 8, 9, is disagreeably plenty in spring.

My 6, 2, 1, 3, 5, is a girl's name.

My whole is a beautiful city in the United States.

W. H. MORROW.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.